The Legend Of Ratpal Sham

This is the tale of Ratpal Sham, a legend out of Brum,
Who but for being Asian would be just a drunken bum.
A story sick and sad of how the press deceives us all,
And paints a killer as a hero who stands proud and tall.

Ratpal was born in January 1966,
A nobody (as are most of us), Ratpal got his kicks
By hanging out with white girls and his friend Narvinder Singh,
He liked a drink, and curry, (hardly a surprising thing).

One dark Sunday night in November, Ratpal was about,
And dining in the *Sky Blue* where he used to act the lout.
The waiter knew him by sight if not by name and said he
Liked to abuse the staff; tonight, his party made of three

Was knocking back the alcohol, as was another group,
When one of them decided to become a party poop.
"Turn down the music", said Clarke Pearce, "it all sounds just the same";
"It does", agreed the waiter, now came Ratpal's bid for fame.

"Don't you like Paki music?" he called out, but Clarke said, "Lo,
I wasn't talking to you lot, so but out, Little Mo."
Seething with rage, Ratpal hurled insults, then he threw a glass,
And in a flash the fateful incident had come to pass.

Clarke Pearce was on the carpet with two knife wounds in his back,
He didn't have a chance from such a cowardly attack,
Ratpal's tart dragged him to the bog where she wiped off the gore,
And presently they fled as Clarke lay dying on the floor.

But as he left the restaurant, Sham turned his gloating head
To Clarke's friend Sharon Badger and said calmly "Is he dead?"
"No", she replied as Clarke's fiancée screamed hysterically,
Sham walked through the door and replied "…he;s fucking gonna be".

Ratpal and his two friends fled in a taxi, but his face
Had been cut somehow in the knife attack, and in bad grace
He cussed and cursed and wended his way to an A&E,
While Clarke was taken to another night infirma-ry.

Alas, it was too late, for as his sister signed consent
Poor Clarke lay on the table and his final breath was spent;
Now rozzers quickly on the scene called in the murder squad,
And Ratpal's name was given to an anxious Mr Plod.

Three stitches in his bleeding cheek, Ratpal soon sobered up,
And as the truth sank in he became one sick, frightened pup.
He tried to get a passport, but eight days on had no luck,
So rang a man named Morgan, friendly bloke, but thick as fuck.

They met at Morgan's office where the lawyer said, "Look Rat,
If what you say is true, you've naught to fear", and that was that,
He briefed his client and took him along to Steelhouse Lane,
Where Plod sat disbelievingly as Rat tried to explain:

"I stabbed him with a pen knife see, as he went quite berserk,
I only meant to frighten not to kill the *racist* jerk.
He called me Paki bastard and he was a big bloke too.
What, knife him in the back? Not me guv, that I'm telling you."

But Ratpal's tart had told Plod that a flick knife he had used,
And others as how he lay dying, Clarke had been abused,
His murderer with knife in hand was gone into the night,
And Plod was unimpressed with Ratpal's claims of racial spite.

They charged Ratpal with murder one, and shipped him off to clink,
A top QC was briefed to extricate him from the sink,
But Douglas Draycott realised this was a hopeless case,
And saw through Ratpal's shallow lies of malice due to race.

"If you go in the box", warned Draycott, and plead self-de-fence,
The prosecution will take you apart"; Ratpal saw sense.
His only chance to beat the rap was plead he was provoked,
And hold his counsel; even so his freedom was revoked.

"To gaol with you for life, and ten years minimum", the man
In wig and gown told Ratpal, and off went the prison van.
But Ratpal had an idea, he'd appeal and claim his brief
Had stitched him up - he did, and lied, lied and lied through his teeth.

Appeal dismissed March '89, but on went the campaign,
And soon both Britain and the world would relive Ratpal's pain.
Left papers and the ethnic press took up the Asian's cause,
The *Guardian* and the *NME* greeted him with applause.

Asian defends against a *racist* thug and gaoled for life,
They all proclaimed, Ratpal was glassed and had used "a small knife".
Clarke Pearce abused the doctor, pulled his drips out, and went home,
Where shortly he died; anyway he was bad to the bone.

Clarke's sister looked on in dismay; his mother winced in pain
As Ratpal Sham who'd killed her son, now killed him once again.
The lies spread far afield as websites took up Ratpal's cause,
And like the venal British press they thundered their applause.

Court of Appeal in '95, Lord Justice Beldam's words
Were most uncompromising: "This appeal is for the birds;
A clearer case of murder would be difficult to find,
Application dismissed, and back to where you were confined".

Ratpal dragged screaming from the dock, arrests outside the Court,
The press oozed sympathy in each and e-very report,
Not once did they concede the fact that in this "race attack"
An Asian thug had stabbed a helpless white man in the back.

Come February '98, and *AsianDubFoundation*
Used Ratpal's case in an attempt to rock the British Nation:
"Free Ratpal Sham" they cried, "a victim of the *racist* state",
And all the brain-dead "anti-*racists*" praised their hymn of hate.

The year 2000 came along, and Parliament was conned
Into supporting Ratpal's fight to legally abscond,
An Early Day Motion condemning the attack on him
Was laid down by a Labour MP way out on a limb.

And two years later when the CCRC junked his case,
Again the media took up the chorus over race.
There featured in the *Guardian*: how justice has betrayed
A persecuted Asian youth who struck back while afraid.

"Release him", the Parole Board said, duped by the cries of "Shame!"
From Ratpal's gang of liars who his innocence proclaim,
But Jack Straw in the Office Home had read his prison file,
And saw through all the special pleading and the lies so vile.

He blocked Ratpal's release but then the European Court
Said "We rule Britain, Jack, and you'll do nothing of the sort".
Another lifer who'd appealed to supra-national law
Won his case, and Ratpal in turn walked through the prison door.

On his release, Ratpal whined he was angry but not bitter,
And said Jack Straw should be held to account, ungrateful critter.
Holding his head high unrepentant for the man he'd slain,
An uncritical, venal press lapped up his lies again.

A small knife...he fought back in fear...no mention he was drunk,
It was Clarke Pearce who'd started it, the no-good *racist* punk.
And every other calumny he and his crew could muster
Spewed forth in print and cyber-space: worthless, deceitful bluster.

But those who want to know the truth can find it easily,
The Court of Appeal transcripts, the report of autop-sy,
Press cuttings of the murder of Clarke Pearce in the *Sky Blue*,
Are but a click away by courtesy of this *Yahoo*:

http://www.geocities.com/satpalramisguilty/